better understanding to exist between the people of this camp and neighboring towns, and engendered a mutual respect for each other. Afterwards invitations were always extended to the boys here when a dance was given in any of the surrounding settlements, and they did not wait for Christmas to come around to give a ball, either, for they didn't think they were doing very much if they hadn't at least two a week here.

EXPEDIENTS OF BY R. W. CROCKETT,

Carbon county was not in existence when the first Christmas celebration occurred at Price. This territory was then a part of Emery county, with Castle Dale as the county seat The year was 1832. There were few people then in Castle valley, as compared with the number today. The business interests of Price were confined at that time to two mercantile institutions. The volume of business done then was.

The volume of business done then was.



Dr. Wurth, in commenting on recent discoveries in medicine, said: There is none which is certain to be so valuable and far-reaching in benefit as Stuart's Dyspensia Tablets, the new stomach remedy; I say far-reaching, because people little realize how important a assound stomach and vigorous digition is to every man, woman and child.

Indigestion is the starting point of consumption, heart disease, Bright's disease, disbetes, nervous prestration, liver troubles; why is this so? Simply because every nerve, muscle and tissue the starting point of the was a charming little chapter as a sound stomach and as I took if m on my knee list sears poured forth most grief was an appallant sight. Such grief was an appallant sight. "Come to your note fond, said to was provided in the property of the consumption, heart disease, disease, disbetes, nervous prestration, by the starting point of the was a charming little chapter. He was a charming little chapter as a sound stomach and region of the was a charming little chapter as a sound stomach and selection of the was a charming little chapter. He was a charming little chapter as a sound stomach and as I took if m on my knee list tears poured forth most grief was an appallant sight. "Come to your note fond, said the lim wherefore you do ory." Poor little cuse, San somewhat thus: liver troubles: why is this so? Simply because every nerve, muscle and tissue in our bodies is created and nourished from the food we eat. If that food is, by reason of a weak stomach, campelled to lie for hours, a sour, fermenting mass of half-digested food, it possens the blood and nervous system, creates gas which distends the stomach and bowels, causing pressure on the heart, lungs and other organs, and setfluing lungeding their action.

He ways further, the point to direct attention is not the nerves, nor heart, nor lungs, nor kidneys, but the stomach, the first cause of all the mischief.

The remedy to use for indigestion and weak stomachs is not some eathartic.

The remedy to use for indigestion and weak stomachs is not some eathartic.

The way further, the solution of the composition of

How Sweet Grass Won His Name and Title as a Warrior and How, at Last, He Was Converted to the White Man's Religion By the Restoration of His Beloved Two Moons.

dark brown of the earth to orange, his cyes singled out the leader of the herd, a heavy-quartered chestnut. Beyond the brackfoot was sweet-Grass.

What the great chief Crowfoot was to the Blackfoot was Sweet-Grass to the Crees. He was the Seneca of this great tribe; that was when he was Sweet-Grass.

At the beginning he was next to nothing; a wee mite of a copper-colored pagan Cree. His father had been too indifferent to even fight well, so he had been slain like an obese buffalo bull. In the hunt there was no warrior to kill the buffalo for the widow's wigwam. She followed up the others, and greaned what they left. In times of plenty this was not so difficult: but plenty this was not so difficult; but when hunger stalked through the flapping tepees of the Indians in the winter months, the gicaning was nothing, and existence for the squaw and her little brown papeose became a struggle with the coyote-like dogs of the camp for the things the others threw away.

That was the childhoud of Sweet-Grass. He did not even own a name-he was only the nekum's child; nobody had time to go of the camp for the child; nobody the first the constant of t

had time to even dream a name for

If in the scramble for bits of jerked in the scramble for bits of ferked buffslo, he and the dogs fell out, and he struck his canine rivals, somebody would retailate—the dogs were in the right of it; it was only the nokum's child, anyway. The dogs belonged to somebody, after a fashion—so many to each tepee; but Sweet-Grass was only the nokum's child.

the nokum's child.

His mother carried wood and smoked meat for others; stripped the red willow and made kinnikmick for lazy braves with lazier wives, and in return she was allowed to poke through the offal and find her living there—if she could. She was like the village poorwoman, with the usual boy, who scrubs and washes and does all the village chores.

Sweet-Grass was the boy. As soon as he opened his eyes on the pleasant world he began to discover that life was a fight.

This conviction deepened as he grew

the dogs and everything else in the camp.

The is coming to round up the camp.

Cheap little bits of finery he togged him comes in the like increased him up a little of the camp and black, shining hair; a little worth and black, shining hair; a little worth and black, shining hair; a little worth and black, that his mother had saved from the deerskin shirt at his worth and saved from the deerskin shirt at his worth the heart of the medicine man.

As he drew rapidly away he uttered once more his shrill note of triumph once more his shrill note of triumph. Then he sat down on the stallion and rode with judgment—eased him up a little.

All that day, and all the next pight he mall but herself. Her parents had been of the party.

As he drew rapidly away he uttered once more his shrill note of triumph. Then he sat down on the stallion and rode with judgment—eased him up a little.

All that day, and all the next pight her mall but herself. Her parents had not been of the party.

In October Fr. Lacombe went north her autumn.

Cheap little bits of finery he togged once more his shrill note of triumph. Then he sat down on the stallion and rode with judgment—eased him up a swooped down upon the few Crees she had been the usual order with at the time, and silled the mall but herself. Her parents had been of the party.

In October Fr. Lacombe went north has very been been in extracted the last the rode.

In ocide with judgment—eased him up a swooped down upon the few Crees she had been the stallon and rode with judgment—eased him up a swooped down upon the few Crees she had been the stallon and rode with judgment—eased him up a swooped down upon the few Crees she had been the stallon and rode with judgment—eased him up a swooped down upon the few Crees she had been the stallon and rode with judgment—eased him up a swooped down upon the few Cr

WBYS.

rough the Crees' topers he wandered at will, and with the Blackfors he slept back to back on the sky-kisses

As a rule an Indian does not receive



"HE HELD IT ALOFT AND SCREAMED IN HIS TRIUMPH."

As he drew rapidly away he uttered | should return in the autumn,

CHINE AND

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Railrona

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Some time ago the trunk time, which

Some time ago to trunk time, which

Some time ago the trunk time ago trunk time ago the trunk time ago trunk time

Then came the day when he was the gray eyes of the black-cassocked man, as he drew himself up to his full the greatest warrior, so he became the greatest chief the tribe had ever known.

It was Sweet-Grass who said:

known.

And the husks had all passed away from the nokum, for Sweet-Grass honored her in his prosperity, even as she had toiled and slaved for him when they fought with the dags for the If was Sweet-Grass who said: "Call-on your medicine to give us Two Winds, if it can do that I will believe—I and my tribe. The little father shall have live horses if he can do this thing. I have spoken."

The chief and the priest were old friends—almost old antisonists on the question. Pere Lacombe knew that Sweet-Grass' words were like the flow of the Saskatchewan—a thing to be de-pended upon. CONVERSION OF SWEET-GRASS. Fr. Lacombe was as great a warror as Sweet-Grass. He, too, was a fear-less brave. His bow was the Christian religion, and his arrows tool's love, feathered by his own simple, nonest

of the Saskatchewan—a thing to be depended upon.

"And I have heard," he said, as the Cree chief ceased speaking and placed the long stem of his pipe between his lips, "I have beard, and my Masterhas heard, and the power of the cross is for good!"

Among the whites Pere Lacombe was the one man Swert from the cross is the one man Swert from the cross in the control of the cross is sort goods."

religion with open arms—he is not look-ing for it. He has other things to And though they received the father

Among the whites Pere Lacombe was the one man Sweet-Grass trusted; and as the pricat spoke, he started forward eagerly, in a half-famished way, as a saunt wolf eyes a life that is just out of his reach.

"Two Winds," he whispered, huskilly, expectantly, "Yes," answered the pricat, in his deep voice, as he drew mide the canvass of the cart.

It was as though God had looked down and smiled upon the camp as Two Winds came and stood in the light of the campfire; the same light that had dicked at the brass Savier streaked with bronze the black mass of her half, and showed the great tops, light in the

## THIRTEEN.

There Was a Time When the Number Was Considered Lucky.

(Chicago Times-Herald.) There are probably few men who, in he innermost recesses of their hearts. the innermost recesses of their hearts, have not some kind of an unpleasant emotion when it comes to thirteen. Of course, there are some men who pretest loudly—and usually in some hilarious company—that thirteen is simply an odd figure, like seventeen and nineteen and many others, and such men have formed the thirteen clubs of thirteen members, who, on the lith of the manth, particularly if this date happens to fall on a Friday, eat a meal of thirteen courses at the thirteenth hour of the day.

of the day.

This is done, of course, to break the superstition attaching to thirteen, but this superstition will not down. For this superstition will not down. For the love of the marvelous and mystic will not down. Were not Sully, Scipio, Caesar, Wallenstein, Napoleon and others superstitious. Is it not histori-cal fact that they all were under a spell and undertook no great action without having first consulted some medium?

spell and undertook no great action without having first consulted some medium?

Abstruct science has not only done much for humanity in the arts, the professions and industries, it has also done much in brushing away the cohwebs of popular superstition, and abstract science establishes the fact that thirteen in ancient times had quite a different meaning from thirteen today. Oriental people found thirteen something divine, and hence something good. Thus in the folkfore of the Persians, the Indians and the Hindoos. Our Testamentary Jews were of the same opinion, as biblical students well know. Thirteen cities were especially dedicated to the priestly tribe; thirteen high priests descended from Aaron; thirteen kings sat in the high council of the ancients; on the 12th day of the month Nisan, the preparations for passover were begun, and the holy incense consisted of thirteen different odors. It is well known that all the nations of the old world were in more or less intellectual rapport. The ideas of one tribe descended to the other. But it is certainly interesting to learn that the figure thirteen had its sacred and divine meaning also in America of yore, among the long-aince-extinct tribes of the lineas and the Aztecs. The inhabitants of Peru counted seven days, without any particular name, in the week. Their year had seven days, without any particular name, in the weeks. The father was compelled to support his illegitimate child to the thirteenth year. The Aztecs had weeks of thirteen days, each with a special name. Their century had fifty-two of thirteen days, each with a special name. Their century had lifty-two years, or four times thirteen. Their public archives were of circular form, with a sun in the center of each of the thirteen parts, and thirteen were their tribas

Thus the brief ancient history riginal twelve, with one thrown in for

"SINGING WELL" IN TEXAS.

Weird Noises Issue From It, and It Cannot Be Filled Up. (Chicago Inter Ocean.)